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## dearest uncle

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## dearest uncle

## by Laura Marsee

dearest uncle: passed out cold on the couch. the last remnants of his fifteenth vodka-and-grapefruit juice cocktail dribble lazily down his stubble-peppered chin. enormous sock feet planted square center in his half-eaten supper on the cracked coffee table; creamed corn and squashed peas stick defiantly to the cuffs of his fashionably rumpled levi's. a murderous crimson splotch winds its way south across the front of his well-worn flannel shirt,

making him appear at first glance to have been recently shot in the chest by a high caliber revolver. the television blares pointlessly the radio, too. the entire room in hopeless disarray around his oblivious form. and a few short steps away, his typewriter: sticky with random drops of drying bourbon and correction fluid, thinly dusted with the snow gray ash of countless cigarettes. scores of crumpled balls of sad, white paper scattered dejectedly over the table and across threadbare carpet plead silently to be reconsidered, just like me.